Sixe strange VI.

PROPHESIES

Predicting wonderfull events, to betide
these years of Danger, in this Climate,
whereof some have already come to passe,
Well worthy of Note.

The first being found in the Reigne of King *Edward* the Fourth:
The other in the Reigne of King *Henry* the Eight:

Printed by a true Copy with new Additions.

Viz
1 *Mother* Shiptons *Prophesies*
2 *Ignatius Loyolla* ——
3 *Sybilla's Prophesies.*
4 Merlins *Prophesies.*
5 *Otwel Binns Prophesies.*
6 *M Brightmans Prophesies.*

Printed for *Francis Coles*, 1642.

The first Propheſie by *Ignatius*.

IF Eighty eight be paſt, then thrive
Thou maiſt, till thirty four or five.
After the E *is dead, a* Scot
Shall govern there: and if a plot
Prevent him not, ſure then his ſway
Continue ſhall till many a day.
The ninth ſhal die young, and the firſt
Perhaps ſhall reigne: but (oh) accurſt
Shall be the time, when thou ſhalt ſee
To ſixteen joyned twenty three;
For then the Eagle ſhall have help
By craft to catch the Lyons whelp,
And hurt him ſore; except the ſame
Be cured by the Maidens name.
In Iuly *moneth of the ſame yeare*
Saturn *conioyns with* Iupiter,
Perhaps falſe Prophets ſhall ariſe,
And Mahomet *ſhall ſhew his prize.*
And ſure much alteration
Shal happen in religion
Beleeve this truly, if then you ſee
A Spaniard *a Proteſtant to be*

The lines (I confeſſe impartially) are very myſterious, and withall they are involved in a ſtupendious obſcurity. They ſeem as ænigmaticall as *Sphynx* his hidden Riddle yet I doubt not but that your judicious minds will prove as auſpicious unto this, as *Oedipus* did to his.

You may enucleate the genuine ſence, and ſignification of the words, if you doe but ſeriouſly, revolve them.

When the formidable Armado was deſſipated in Eighty eight, this Kingdome did flouriſh a long time in peace and proſperous tranquillitie, unto one thouſand ſix hundred and thirty foure or five: After Queene *Elizabeth* died, King *Iames* came out of Scotland, and inherited the imperiall Crown after her.

A plot all men know was moſt nefariouſly hatched in his Reign, to wit, the Gunpowder Treaſon: which not preventing him, hee ſwayed the Scepter very peacefully in a great ſucceſſion of future time.

Prince Henry the Ninth of that name died young, and king Charles the firſt of that name reigned next in Majeſty (whom God long preſerve, and protect from the wicked plots of his enemies.) The beginning of theſe perrilous times, began in 1639. The next foure verſes I will leave to the expoſition of the Reader hereof.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

The Philoſophers have given their unite aſſipulation, & with all the Aſtrologians have affirmed in their ſolid aſſertions, that when *Saturne* hath any conjunction with *Iupiter*, great wars and bloody times ſhall enſue, and I am ſure their opinions have not proved fallible in this reſpect. Many falſe Prophets are now riſen amongſt us, and doe Propheſie falſe things to the people, who dare preſume to preach in Tubs to their Schiſmaticall Auditors: whom they delude and ſuggeſt vaine imaginations unto them, that they are ſent from Heaven, and have the Spirit of God, when they have nothing but the Spirit of

errour

errour and falſe-hood. *Mahomet* hath ſhewn indeed his prize ſufficiently amongſt us, for too many (I ſuppoſe) in our times rather *Mahometans*, than true Chriſtians. The alteration of Religion hath been very great, and toſſed to and fro by the various winde of every ones opinion.

The laſt two Verſes I refer to the judgement of the Reader: for I will nominate no man particularly.

This Propheſie is ſtupendious, and as it includes a miſtyery, ſo it includes verity withall: as by the former it is involved in obſcurity, ſo by the latter it is illuminated in apparent truth.

The demonſtration of Prophetick Divinations predictates the future eſtate of a Kingdome, and whatſoever hath been expreſſed in this lately mentioned, is already fulfilled in exemplary relations.

But the diſtracted opinions of moſt men are ſtill ſo promiſcuous, that wee want Prophets enough to exclaime againſt them; for ſome they will not hear, others they neglect, others they in a deſpicable deteſtation do contemne.

But God of his infinite mercy grant, that we may hereafter all make true uſe of the ſincere Propheſie of him, and his Goſpell that theſe various miſts of errours may be expelled, theſe roaring waves of Schiſme may be calmed, and the diſtempers of the whole Realme cured perfectly.

The ſecond Propheſie of Mother *Shipton*.

WHen ſhe heard King *Henrie* the Eight ſhould be King, and Cardinall *Wolſey* ſhould be at York, ſhe ſaid that Cardinall *Wolſey* ſhould never come to York with the King, and the Cardinall hearing being angry, ſent the Duke of Suffolke, and the Lord *Darcy* to her, who came with their men diſguiſed to the Kings Houſe neere York, where leaving their men, they went to Maſter *Beſley* to Yorke, and deſired him to goe with them to Mother *Shiptons* houſe, where when they came they knocked at the doore, ſhe ſaid, Come in Maſter *Beſley*, and thoſe honourable Lords with you, and Maſter *Beſley* would have put in the Lords before him, but ſhe ſaid, come in Maſter Beſley you know the way, but they do not. This they thought ſtrange that ſhee ſhould know them, and never ſaw them; then they went into the houſe, where there was a great fire, and ſhe bade them welcome, calling them all by their names, and ſent for ſome Cakes and Ale, and they drunk and were very merry. Mother Shipton ſaid the Duke, if you knew what we came about, you would not make us ſo welcome, and ſhe ſaid the meſſenger ſhould not bee hang'd; Mother Shipton, ſaid the Duke, you ſaid the Cardinall ſhould never ſee Yorke; yea, ſaid ſhe, I ſaid he might ſee Yorke, but never come at it, But

ſaid the Duke when he comes to York thou ſhalt bee burnt; Wee ſhall ſee that, ſaid ſhe, and plucking her Handkerchieffe off her head ſhe threw it into the fire, and it would not burne; then ſhe tooke her ſtaffe and turned it into the fire, and it would not burne, then ſhee tooke it and put it on againe; Now (ſaid ſhe) I might have burned. Mother *Shipton* (quoth the Duke) what thinke you of me? my Love ſaid ſhee, the time will come you will be as low as I am, and that is a low one indeed. My Lord *Piercy* ſaid, and what ſay you of me? My Lord (ſaid ſhe) ſhooe your horſe in the quick, and you will doe well, but your body willl be buried in York pavement and your head ſhall be ſtoln from the Bar and carried into *France*. Then ſaid the Lord *Darcy*, and what thinke you of me? Shee ſaid, you have made a great Gun, ſhoot it off, for it will doe you no good, you are going to warre, you will paine many a man, but you will kill none; ſo they went away.

Not long after the Cardinall came to Cawood, and going to the top of the Tower, he asked where Yorke was and how far it was thither, and ſaid that one ſaid hee ſhould never ſee York; Nay, ſaid one, ſhee ſaid you might ſee Yorke, but never come at it. He vowed to burne her when he came to Yorke. Then they ſhewed him York & told him it was but eight miles thence? he ſaid that he would ſoone be there: but being ſent for by the King, he dyed in the way to London, at Leiceſter, of a Lask; And *Shiptons* wife ſaid to Maſter *Beſley*, yonder is a fine ſtall built for the Cardinall in the Minſter, of Gold Pearle, and precious ſtones, goe and preſent one of the pillars to King *Henry* and he did ſo.

Maſter *Beſley* ſeeing theſe things fall out as ſhee had foretold, deſired her to tell him ſome more of her Propheſies: Maſter, ſaid ſhee, before that Owes Bridge and Trinitie Church meet, they ſhall build on the day, and it ſhal fall in the night, untill they get the higheſt ſtone of Trinitie Church to be the loweſt ſtone of Owes Bridge; then the day will come when the North ſhall rue it wondrous ſore, but the South ſhall rue it for evermore; When Hares kindle on cold hearth ſtones, and Lads ſhall marry Ladies, and bring them home, then ſhall you have a yeare of piping hunger and then a Dearth without corn; A wofull day ſhall be ſeene in England, a King and Queene, the firſt comming of the King of Scots ſhall be at Holgate Towne, but hee ſhall not come through the Barre, and when the King of the North ſhall be at London Bridg, his Tayle ſhall be at Edenborough; After this ſhall water come over Owes Bridge, and a Windmill ſhall be ſet on a tower, and an Elm-tree ſhall lye at every mans door, at that time women ſhall weare great Hats and great bands, and when there is a Lord Major at Yorke, let him beware of a ſtab; When two Knights ſhall fall out in the Caſtle yard, they ſhall never be kindly all their lives after; When all Colton Hag hath borne Crops of Corne, ſeven yeares after you ſhall heare newes, there ſhall two Judges goe in and out at Mungate Barre.

Then

Then wars ſhall begin in the Spring,
Much woe to England *it ſhall bring:*
Then ſhall the Ladyes cry well-away,
That ever we liv'd to ſee this day.

Then beſt for them that have the leaſt, and worſt for them that have the moſt, you ſhall not know of the war over night, yet you ſhall have it in the morning, and when it comes it ſhall laſt three yeers, betweene Cadron and Ayre ſhall be great warfare, when all the World is as loſt, it ſhall bee called Chriſts Croſt. when the Battel begins, it ſhall be where Crookback *Richard* made his fray, they ſhall ſay, to warfare for your King for halfe a crown a day, but ſtir not (ſhee will ſay) to warfare for your King on paine of hanging, but ſtir not, for he that goes to complaine, ſhall not come back againe. The time will come when England ſhall tremble and quake for feare of a dead man that ſhall be heard to ſpeake, then will the Dragon give the Bull a great ſnap; and when the one is downe they will goe to London Towne; Then there will be a great Battell betweene England and Scotland, and they will be pacified for a time, and when they come to Brammamore, they fight and are againe pacified for a time, then there will be a great Battell between England and Scotland at Stoknmore; Then will Ravens ſit on the Croſſe and drinke as much blood of Nobles, as of the Commons, then woe is me, for London ſhall be deſtroyed for ever after, Then there will come a woman with one eye and ſhe ſhall tread in many mens bloud to the knee, and a man leaning on a ſtaffe by her and ſhe ſhall ſay to him, what art thou? and he ſhall ſay, I am the King of Scots, and ſhee ſhall ſay goe with me to my houſe, for there are three Knights, and he will goe with her, and ſtay there three dayes and three nights, then will England be loſt; and they will cry twice a day England is loſt, Then there will be three Knights in Petergate in Yorke, and the one ſhall not know of the other; there ſhall be a childe borne in Pomfret with three thumbs, and thoſe three Knights will give him three horſes to hold, while they win *England*, and all Noble bloud ſhall be gone but one; and they ſhall carry him to Sheriffe *Nortons* Caſtle ſixe miles from Yorke, and he ſhall dye there, and they ſhall chuſe there an Earle in the field, and hanging their horſes on a thorne. And rue the time that ever they were borne, to ſee ſo much blood ſhed, Then they will come to Yorke to beſiege it, and they ſhall keepe them out three dayes and three nights, and a penny loafe ſhall be within the Bar at halfe a Crown, and without the Bar at a penay; And they will ſweare if they will not yeeld to blow up the Town Walls. Then they will let them in, and they will hang up the Major Sheriffs and Aldermen, and they will goe into Crouch Church, there will three Knights goe in and but one come out againe, and he will cauſe Proclamation to be made, that any man may take Houſe, Tower, or Bower

for twenty one yeares, and whilst the World endureth, there shall never bee warfare againe, nor any more Kings or Queens, but the Kingdome shall bee governed by three Lords, and then Yorke shall be London. And after this shall be a white harvest of Corne gotten in by women. Then shall bee in the North that one woman shall say unto another, Mother I have seene a man to day, and for one man there shall be a thousand women, there shall be a man sitting upon St. Iames Church hill weeping his fill; And after that a Ship come sayling up the Thames till it come against London, and the Master of the Ship shall weepe, and the Marriners shall aske him why he weepeth, being he hath made so good a voyage, and he shal say; Ah what a goodly Citie this was, none in the world comparable to it, and now there is scarce left any house that can let us have drinke for our money.

Vnhappy he that lives to see these dayes,
But happy are the dead Shiptons *Wife sayes.*

In th'worlds old age, this woman did foretel,
Strange things should hap, which in our times have fell.

The Propheſie of old *Sybilla.*

WHen Scotlands hundreth and ninth uncouq er'd King
The ſixteen hundred thirty & nint yeare,
Into his age of thirty nine ſhall reigne,
Then ſhall the Pap ll overthrow appeare,
Which all the Arts of Europe ſhall admire
For Scotland ſhall that bleſſed worke begin
Then ſhall the whore of Babel we had her,
Be banished quite, which Biſhops did bring in,
Then thou brave England which was led ſo
By their perverſe Epiſcopall pride. (blinde
And Irelands ſhameleſſe ſuperſtitious ſinne
Shall be ſuppreſt, who cruelly have cryed;
So that, that ſacred Propheteſſe Sybilla,
Shall ſhortly come to paſſe ſhe tells Tom (Milla.
And Tom *tells me, and I muſt tell't againe,*
Thr ugh Scotland, England, Ireland France *and* Spaine.

Merlins Propheſie.

ON Borea wings then hither ſhall bee (borne,
Throu h Weekore Tweed, *a Princely Vnicorne,*
Who brought into the world his owne faire
A rampant Lyon figur'd on his breaſt (Creſt,
And to his Arms 6 Lyons more ſhall quarte'
With ſix French flowers inviron'd with the (Garter
oying by Fates unchangeable diſpoſe
The Northern Thiſtle to the Southerne Roſe:
He ſhal the true Apoſtolike Faith maintain,
With plom zeal during his bleſſed reigne.

That Lincolne *was, that* London *is, that*
Yorke *ſhall be;*
Brave London prayes thoſe dayes ſhe ne're may ſee.

Maſter

Master *Brightmans* Prophesies.

WHen Englands Church grows Englands (shame,
Full of lukewarmnesse, glory vaine,
The worst in works, and outward forme,
And with contrary factions torne,
When Romish Rites by reformation,
Shall be exlpell'd out of this Nation,
Lord beggar Bishops then shall come
To ruine, and be overthrowne,
The Priests shall bee vile to each wight,
Their downfall read with much delight;
For God will not them guiltles hold,
That neither have beene hot nor cold.
The Scotch Church shall be in condition
A virgin free from superstition,
They shall be joyn'd in covenant,
Gainst which the world shal boast and vaunt:
But Englands Church must feele the storme,
Vntill she truely her life reforme;
Such hurly burly and such stir,
No forme of Church shall remaine in her:
But reformation must take breath,
From the raigne of Queene *Elizabeth*.

The Prophesie of old Otwell Bins, *kept by M.* Smith *Vicar of Huddersfield 40 yeares.*

THen *Iames* shall seeke a second crowne,
In pulling Pope and Papists downe;
But *Iames* shall vanish from their face
At halfe *Elizabeths* royall race.
Then using forraine policies,
Grudgings and discontents arise;
Yet shall they assemble at the seat
Of Parliament, for a worke most great;
But strange opinions there shall sow,
Dissentions that too high shall grow:
And Laodicea's, Englands Church,
Of grace and beauty some shall lurch;
And Smiths of policie shall invent,
To cast molds of new governments,
While vulgar birds of weakest wing
Grow stout against their Eagle King.
Whose just integrous heart shall prove
The Adamant of subjects love:
Then pride shall come in prison lock,
And lop a head off on a block:
By honest power they shall bring downe
An Aspirer that aslum'd a Crowne;
That he whose power did Lawes contemne
Might find a grave, no Diadem.
Some Comick Scenes shall then be acted
By vulgar players much distracted;
The Gospel from a tub or tun
Shall breached by Mechanicks run.
Pettie ats shall in pulpits Preach,
And women be allowed to teach;
And in those gloomy dogged daies
They shall teare off the Muses Bayes.
Thus strife and fury shall encrease,
And Round-heads shall disturbe the peace
Of Religion, while they it tosse
In blanketts, and pull downe the Crosse.
The Brownists shall no old prayers brooke,
Sermons shall drowne the Service-booke:
Then all men in those times shall see
Great troubles and calamitie.
Then on the Irish bogs and heath,
Many a man shall tast of death.
The Souldiers wages shall increase,
Till wars at last in conquest cease:
To such as are good Land-lords knowne,
In hostile times some love is showne:
But for all such as have great store,
Th'are in lesse safety than the poore:
Then twenty pounds of coyne in hand,
Is worth so much of yearely land,
From Ireland then there shall come one,
Must loose his head upon a stone:
But when England doth swim in flouds
Of plenty and growes proud of goods,
Then from their sleep they shall be waked,
To know themselves both blinde and naked;

Christs

Christs Church must know some miserie,
There shall be a dolefull tragedie:
The Lord abroad his sword will send,
unlesse they warning take t'amend:
Yet Germany, Fraunce, and Brittanny,
This last act of your tragedy,
Good dayes will follow, bad ones cease,
There shall be plenty and great peace:
The whore of Romes nose shall be slit,
And of her proud attire be stript:
In the meane time Bishops shal be
Throwne downe from all their dignitie;
Their Hierarchie and their traine
shall ne're recover strength againe:
Nor is Romes Citie onely Rome,
But all the Popes Dominion;
So that Rome feeles her selfe annoy'd,
While shee in Ireland is destroy'd:
In fortie one by computation.
The Pope shall fall by reformation:
A clergy man shall then suffice
His pride with one poore benefice;
Then Cambridge and th: Oxonian
Shall be scorn'd by the Rotundian,
And some that cannot say nor sing,
Shall drink much at a troubled spring,
And Coblers then shall leave their last,
In Sermons up their gall to cast:
Magpies and Parrats then shall prate,
Both of the Eagle and the State,
Vntill they bring things in conclusion,
To much disorder and confusion.
Rebels and men most seditious
Shall make the times prove pernicious,
Rich men shall doe things unbefitting,
An upright Iudge be scarce found sitting:
Vpstart honour shall seeme dreams,
And Bishops Seas prove little streams;
While many feather'd fowle shall flie
Beyond the Seas for Ieopardie;
Rumors shall bee of wars and Armes,
And there shall be of Sects great swarmes:
A sort of mad rude common people
Shall pull the crosse from every steeple,
The King while they doe thus presume,
Vnto this Realme that right shall doome,
He shall this Kingdome wisely guide,
And other Kingdomes more beside:
Then Peeres and Commons shall elect,
Whose Lawes shall ever take effect;
No man shal Lawyers counsel crave,
For men their right at home shall have:
And Officers each Towne within,
Shall right their wrongs and punish sin;
Worthies be nine, and reckon we,
And this the tenth and last shall be:
The Moone obscur'd full Sixety yeare,
Shall then gett light and shine full cleare;
While England then for joy shall sing,
And blesse the raigne of their good King.

FINIS.